

Most of the French peasants opened their homes and their hearts to us, and showed us a hospitality as genuine and unselfish as our own American homes could have shown the soldiers of any army. The French were keenly appreciative and profoundly thankful for the valuable services of the American soldiers. Many of them sacrificed and toiled day and night for American soldiers in grateful recognition of America's timely aid in the World War.

But the hospitality of the French could not satisfy that longing for home and friends left behind. The two poems that follow appeared about that time and show how strong and genuine that feeling was.

EMBERS.

Yes, the time is hanging heavy
 For the boats are hauling home—
 When you look into the embers,
 'Stead o' fire, you see the foam
 Of a swaying, spraying ocean
 And the miles on miles of blue
 That are waltzing with the distance
 That's between your folks and you.

And you maybe take the bellows
 That the Poilus use to blow
 Up the lazy, backward blazes
 Or the coals that loaf below.
 And you're apt to keep on pumping
 When the fire is under sway,
 For the embers are your ocean
 And your dream-boat's on the way.